some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make mee merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed, three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs bee out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 't is in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke, thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bon-fire light, thou hast saued me, a thousand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sacke, that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the deerest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick't my pocket?

Hos. Why sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, sir Iohn? doe thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue search't, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

Fals. Ye lie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne, my pocket was pick't: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hos. Who, I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer called in mine owne house before.

Fals. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hos. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know sir Iohn, you owe me money, sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a douzen of shirts to your backe.

Fals. Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues, they haue made bolters of them.

Hos. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an ell. You owe money here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by diuerse lendings, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

Fals. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hos. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hos. O Iesu! I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fals. How? the prince is a Iacke, a sneake-up: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing vpon his truncheon like a fife.

Fals. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore? must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

Hos. My Lord, I pray you heare me.